



All of the People Were Gone



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Chapter 1 by Dan N

It was warm that morning. I could feel the sun through the sheets as I rolled over to check the clock. It felt later than it was. The sky was so blue. No clouds for the sun to hide behind. It was going to be a good day. I could feel it deep down in my bones. You know, that feeling you get when all is right in the world. I took a deep breath.. I really should get up and start my day, but this bed is so soft and warm, I want to stay here a little longer and just enjoy this moment.

That's when the alarm went off. I hate that blaring obnoxious beeping. Beep beep beep. So loud. How could someone invent such an annoying sound? I hit the "off" button with bad intentions. I hate getting up when it's so cold and dark outside. Why couldn't I have a job that let me sleep in. I was having such a peaceful dream.. why couldn't I just sleep a little longer? At least let me see a sunrise for once before I have to leave for work.

The warm air will feel good. That's what I keep telling myself as I wait patiently for the car to warm up. Sure, it might smell a little strange, but I'm not going to sit here freezing just because the heater stinks. Honestly it's about the only thing in the bucket of bolts that even works. At least the radio has some life still left in it. Maybe my favorite song will be playing this morning.

Anything to make this commute easier. I click through the presets only to hear static coming from the speakers. Great. Now my car is broken. To fix I should be thankful I have a car at all.

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lights are always flashing after a storm. Normally this would irritate me. Who goes first? The car in front of me? The car next to me? I can't afford to get in a wreck.

Luckily for me, there was no traffic to worry about. I looked both ways, then continued to the coffee shop. Awesome! There was no line! I can get my caffeine fix and get to work without having to rush for once. My excitement quickly turned to confusion as I sat in the drive through waiting for someone to come on the speaker to take my order. Hello? Are you guys open? Whatever. I can go one day without coffee. It's my own fault anyway for not making it myself at home. She used to love when I made coffee in the morning. That was probably the last time I made coffee at home. Gosh, that seems like such a long time ago.

Today will go by fast. The night shift was prepping inventory, so I will have a lot to catch up on. Since the night shift overlaps my morning shift, the parking lot is always so full, even this early. But not today. Something was different.

Very different. Very quiet. Unusually calm. A thin blanket of fog was covering the black pavement where cars should be parked. Where was the traffic? Where were the coffee shop employees and patrons? Where was the night shift?

That's when I realized. All of the people were gone.

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